

A Urnatrix

Covering Family Trees and History in Scotland and America, of the:

1. Cumming, Cunningham, and Hardie Families, and a letter from James Cunningham, in 1874.
2. David Hardie and Alexander Hardie Families, and a diagram showing the Hardie Family's distant relationship to Sir Walter Scott.
3. The Cochrane, Duncan and Smith Families.

CUMMING, CUNNINGHAM, HARDIE -- Family Trees

Margaret Cumming, born about 1800 (our-great-grandmother) had two brothers, Sandy and William, and a sister, who moved to Cape of Good Hope, South Africa. The Cumming's were builders, in Dalkeith, near Edinburgh, Scotland. Sandy Cumming had two children. Thomas and Anne. William had a daughter Eliza.

First - Marriage

Miss Margaret-Cumming to a

Mr. Cunningham - 1820

He died about 1833

Margaret, born about 1800,
died Feb. 22, 1857, was buried
in Cannongate Church-Yard in
Edinburgh, Scotland.

They had three children.

James, Thomas and Margaret (our grandmother)

James Cunningham

Born about 1821

Died about 1885

He wrote a long

letter in 1874,
about the California
gold strike in 1849.

Thomas-Cunningham

Born about 1831

Died June 22, 1857

at Oakfield, Pleasance.

He was buried in the
New Calton Cemetery.

He was a law apprentice

Margaret

Cunningham - Our-Grand-mother

Born 1828, Edinburgh, Scotland

Died 1915, Cleveland, Ohio

Married

Archie Cochrane

Second - Marriage

Mrs. Margaret-Cunningham to

James Hardie, (about 1834)

James was born (about 1800

Died Jan. 7, 1847

They had two sons

David and Alexander

David Hardie

Born July 15, 1835

in Campbell's-Close-Edinburgh-

Died 1874 (London, England)

He trained as a publisher under
Sir Thomas Clark. He had a law
book shop near the Edinburgh
Court. He, then went to Rivington's
in London, in 1864. The Edinburgh
book-sellers gave him a big dinner
when he left. He was then 29 years
old (1864) He never married.

Alexander Hardie (Uncle Alec)

Born May 9, 1840, in Campbells Close,
Edinburgh

Died, March 16, 1916, in Edinburgh
He was a printer and publishers proof
reader. He married Jean Simpson
(1856-1926). They had seven children
William, Margaret, Nettie, Harry and
Elizabeth (deceased) James, Robert

CUMMING, CUNNINGHAM, HARDIE -- Family Trees

Sand Cumming Children

Thomas Cumming

Anne Cumming

William Cumming

A daughter - Eliza

FAMILY HISTORY

Mr. James Hardie lodged at the home of Mrs. Margaret Cunningham, and later on in about 1834 was married to her. James Hardie got the post as secretary to the Fleshers Inc. Corporation, originally established in 1489. James Hardie's brother William, married Mary Scott, whose grandfather, Robert Scott, a farmer was a full cousin of Sir Walter Scott, the famous Scottish Poet and Writer. James Hardie had five brothers, namely, John, Archibald, David, William and one whose name is not known. Archibald, David and James took over Bavelaw Mill, but David spent all of his time studying herbs, and doctoring the village people, so they sold the mill. An old lady friend of Aunt Margaret Scott, who had visited Sir Walter Scott, several times, told a story to Mrs. Alexander Hardie, about David Hardie. It seems that David grew a full head of red hair, after being bald, for several years. Mrs. Hardie said fortunes would have been made, had he left us the recipe.

Thomas Cumming, a cousin to Grandmother Cochrane, and Uncle Alec, was a builder in Dalkeith. He was not friendly with Anne, his sister, but upon her death, he took possession of everything. He sent Uncle Alec his mother's sampler, dated 1810.

Anne Cumming, sister of Thomas, lived at Preston Fans near Edinburgh. in Preston cottage. Nettie Hardie visited the cottage when she was six years old and slightly remembers the old lady. Anne was an unusual person, as she was on a Church Committee, which was a rare occasion in Scotland in those days. She apparently was a great theologian, as she had many religious arguments with Uncle Alec.

New Zealand

Eliza Cumming, who was a cousin to Anne, and to Uncle Alec and to Grandmother Cochrane, went to South Africa. She married a widower, either before or after leaving Edinburgh. Uncle Alec corresponded with her. Then she stopped writing and Uncle Alex wrote to the local post-master, and got her address. He received a snappy letter from one of the family, she had married into, saying they wanted no communication with him. He was very hurt, and wrote once more, to say he would certainly close his correspondence and that he wanted nothing of them.

posed of a few huts, one or two hotels, and some gambling saloons. Every house was crowded with passengers, some going, some returning. Gambling was in full blast, and I presume the gamblers were doing a smashing business. The tables were profusely loaded down with gold coins, bets were freely given and taken, and many left somewhat lighter in pocket than when they entered. The only means of passage at that time was to proceed up Chagres River in small boats. It took from three to five days to get to Corgona or Cruces. From there you had either to foot it, or pay for a mule, if you had the cash. We were six days going up the river, and as I had no spare cash to pay for a mule, I had to foot it, of course. I provided myself with a bran-new pair of boots when I left New York, making dead sure thing of having something good to travel in; but, alas for they boots - they were destined never to reach the promised land! I had also provided a good supply of clothing. Accordingly, I strapped my bundle on my back, fully resolved to carry it across the Isthmus. About a mile from Cruces I was met by a passenger returning. I had my goods in a sailor's large canvas bag. "What are you going to do with the bundle?" inquired by friend. "I am going to carry it across the Isthmus", I replied. "You will never do it", he said, "Well, I'll try it, anyway," I said.

I started with three or four of my fellow-passengers, but they having nothing to carry, soon outstripped me, and left me alone. The roads were frightfully cut up by the mule traffic. It was the old road used by the Spaniards for more than a century, I suppose. It was neither more nor less than a perfect sea of slush and mud. I had gone about a mile or so, when I stumbled into one of these slush ponds. The weight of the load on my back pulled me over in the mud, but after a little tugging I extricated myself, shook off the mud, and proceeded on my way. I was a little more cautious for the future, and clung on to the bushes by the roadside when I could get a hold of any. I found my load beginning to get rather heavy for me, and it was very exhausting travelling under the fierce rays of the tropical sun. My boots had become full of mud and water, and I was walking on the sides of the boots instead of the soles. I soon wore holes in them, so that the mud and water had free access. I trudged along for a few more miles, but I found my load getting too heavy for me, so I resolved to lighten it. Accordingly I selected the least valuable, and flung them out by the wayside./

I still had load enough, but I was determined to pack the balance. I got along tolerably well for a few more miles till I stuck in another bog. I went clean up to my hips, and in trying to extricate myself I was minus one boot. It was buried deep in the mud, and I had no shovel with which to dig it out, and could not very well claw it out with my hands. After a little reflection, I thought the only thing I could do was to let it lie there. I still had the remaining boot, but it was useless without the other, so I pulled it off, and flung it beside the other one. As I had no others to replace them, I took my bare feet for it. Although they were rather tender I got along tolerably well, and arrived within six miles of Panama that night. I put up at one of the native huts. It was crowded, of course, all the beds, or rather hammocks, were taken up, but I managed to get a place on the earthen floor. They spread out some buffalo hides, and as I was very tired and weary I slept as sound as a rock. The sun was well up when I awoke in the morning. The road from here to Panama was tolerably good. I had a pair of slippers in my bundle, and as they were better than nothing, I put them on, and arrived in Panama that afternoon. The most serious part of the business, was, my funds were nearly exhausted. I had one dollar and a half left. I was very hungry, and meals could not be had for less than 50 cents so I found myself dead broke next day. Something had to be done. Panama was full of people, and there was great difficulty in finding conveyance from there to San Francisco. Those who purchased through tickets were all right, but there were very many that had not, so they had to make a long and tedious voyage in a sailing ship. Some of them were 70 days on the passage up. The steamers made the voyage from 14 to 16 days. A great many contracted the Panama fever before they could get away, and numbers of them died. The Panama Steamship was then laying in the Bay. I procured a little dinghy, and pulled off on board of her, and was fortunate to secure a berth on board of her at 25 dollars a month; so after a passage of 16 days we steamed in

James Cunningham - letter - to - his - brother

San Francisco, Dec. 12, 1874

My Dear Brother,

It is so long now since I have written you a letter that it may seem matter of surprise to receive one from me now but I trust it will be nevertheless welcome. It is many years since I received any from David - you know I have always been corresponding with him. The last 2 letters I sent to him were never answered. I think the last time I wrote was about 2 years ago. I could never understand how the correspondence ceased so abruptly. As I was uncertain about his direction, not knowing whether he was still in London or not and thinking there was a possibility of you still being in Edinburgh, I thought I would make one more effort and if that failed I should then be able to arrive at some conclusion. I have also written twice to Margaret - to the first I received an answer (very brief). It informed they were all well, that they were getting along about as well as could be expected that they were securing for themselves a Homestead (a very wise provision). They complained very much of the want of society, the Yankees being in the predominance, of course, but that will wear off after a while; new associations will be formed and after a residence of a few more years they will like it better than the old country. The second letter that I sent remains still unanswered, for what reason I do not know. I should be very sorry to force a correspondence on them if they did not wish it. However, they may have some reason of their own which I may not be aware of, so I shall pass that over and proceed to give you some items about myself. The year 1874 is well nigh to a close and still finds me in San Francisco, and my dear brother I trust I will not weary you as I take a retrospective view of the past. On the 9th of October 1851 (if my memory serves me right) I sailed for this Golden Land - 23 years ago, only think of it. For 7 months previous I had been attached to the Steamship Georgia, a large vessel of 3000 tons burthen and commanded by Government Officers. We were conveying passengers on each alternate trip between New York and New Orleans and Chagres via Havana. The Gold excitement was then at its height and we were crowded with passengers, both on the up and down trips. The returned Californians were the roughest crowd I ever met with in my life; their long grizzled beards and shaggy hair gave to them a weird and ferocious look, and told of the wild and adventurous lives they had been leading in the mountain gorges and rocky fastnesses of this rugged land in their search for the precious metals. Nearly all of them had revolvers slung on their hips and also large bowie knives stuck down the legs of their boots, and altogether they looked as formidable an army of Bandits as I may never see again. A good number of them were tolerably well weighed down with gold dust in belts around their waists, and many of them scarcely ever left their berths from the time they left Chagres until the Steamer arrived in New York but Dame Fortune did not smile on all of them, all did not draw prizes in the grand Lottery; many who had sacrificed their all in their eager frenzy to join up the gold hunters, were now returning to what had once been their old homes (wishing they had never left them) broken in spirits, their health gone, with barely enough money to pay their passage home, and, alas, many there were who were destined never to reach their old homes again. They perished by the way and their bodies were committed to the deep. I had opportunities when I was on board of the steamship, of seeing so much gold in the hands of the passengers, and also being advised by many to go, I thought I would go and try my luck. Although I was not very sanguine of success, I thought I might as well be there as anywhere else. Accordingly, I made up my mind and took passage on board the steamship Ohio. We were crowded with passengers, and we had some tall fighting to do at meal times. If you did not get to your plate in a hurry, everything was gone; your next door neighbour had made a clean sweep of it. However, we managed to get enough to subsist on until we arrived at Chagres. Chagres was neither more nor less than a miserable swamp. The climate there is very unhealthy, and many there were who fell victims to that insidious disease - the Panama fever. I have heard it said that if the men who died while constructing the Railway were placed side by side, they would reach across the Isthmus. The town was com-

through the Golden Gate. The harbour was crammed full of shipping, and nearly all of them deserted, captains, crews, and all. They had skedaddled to the goldfields. Many of them had to lie there for six months. Almost fabulous prices were offered for seamen, but they could not be obtained. Numbers of the vessels were used for storeships, and ultimately were sold and broken up for firewood. I was anxious to get off to the diggings myself, but I could not get my release from the steamer. Seamen were so scarce they would not discharge a single man, and unwilling to lose what money was coming to me I concluded to make another trip to Panama. We were discharged when we got back, and in company with two others started for the mines. We did not meet with much luck; our knowledge of mining being limited was one principal reason why we did not succeed. If we had only stuck to one place instead of running around we would have done well enough. I have left quite a number of places where, if I had stayed, I could have made my fortune. But the time has passed now, and I do not think there will be discovered again a country where gold will be so easily found. It was found in lots of places right among the grass roots; in fact you could hardly take a pan of dirt anywhere without finding more or less gold on it. After a good many years of hard work, and many ups and downs, I found myself about as poor as when I started. I have not been mining any for the last two years. I have been at various kinds of work in restaurants, hotels, etc. I am at present working in a lodging house. I have not been to sea for some time, and I scarcely think I will ever go again. I have had my share of it, and, besides, I am getting old now. I am on the wrong side of fifty. I am still pretty vigorous; one thing I never had much sickness, which I ought to be thankful for. What a wonderful change has taken place here since I first landed. San Francisco then was a very small place. Indeed, one may almost doubt his senses when he looks on this magnificent city. Less than a quarter of a century ago, it was nothing but a barren waste of sandhills. The huge mounds of sand have all been scooped away as if by magic, and a great portion of the city now stands where once the waters of the bay rippled on the shore. It has all been filled in with the rock and debris excavated from the surrounding hills. Wharves have been built all round the city front, and it is really astonishing what a prodigious amount of work has been done in a few years. Commerce has been steadily increasing every year. We have exported an immense amount of wheat during the last two or three years, and I do not think that California has a rival in the world for producing cereals or in fact for anything in the vegetable kingdom. Fruit is so abundant in many places that they cannot possibly use it, and it will not pay to haul it to market.

Dear Brother, I hope this will find you in good health, and I hope you will write me a letter and give me all the news about Auld Reekie. Give David my kind regards and tell him I regret very much he did not write. Tell me about the Prestonpans folk, Cousin Anne, Uncle Jamie, Jock, and all the rest of our friends. And now, my dear brother, farewell. Although widely separated, let us not forget the relationship that exists between us, and although oceans roll between us, let us ever bear in mind we are brothers.

Ever Yours,
"James Cunningham".

DAVID HARDIE - - - - FAMILY TREE

The Hardie's were land stewards, on the Bavelaw Estate, residing at Bavelaw Castle, for about three generations. Bavelaw is several miles south of Edinburgh. They were originally from Fallooden, on the English border. Many ancestors were buried in Abercorn Cemetery, on Lord Linlithgow's Estate. They were descendants of Euphemia Hardie, of New York, who were prominent insurance brokers, many years back.

DAVID HARDIE

					Name	
William	John	Archibald	David	Unknown	James about 1800-1847	HARDIE
Married	Single	Single	Single	Single	Married	in marriage
Mary Scott					Margaret-Cunningham	
Relative of					Had two sons	
Sir Walter Scott					David and Alexander	
Mary had two children					David Hardie	
David & William,					Born -- 1835	
<u>unmarried</u>					Died -- 1874	
David was a steward and well known geologist, at Bavelaw. The Government bought his collection of fossils, on his death, in 1896 and gave them to the Scottish Museum.					Alexander Hardie	
-----					(Uncle Alec)	
William went to New Zealand in 1863 and became a successful farmer and public official. He was an unopposed councilor for 20 years. He was chairman of several boards, for hospitals and farming. He had a poetic turn.					Born May 9, 1840	
-----					Died March 16, 1916	
					Married Jean Simpson	
					Had seven children	
					David - New Jersey, U.S.A.	
					Robert - Cleveland, O "	
					William - Belfast, Ireland	
					Margaret - Edinburgh, Scot.	
					Nettie - " "	
					Harry - California, U.S.A.	
					Elizabeth (deceased in infancy)	

James (deceased)

Cochrane and Duncan and Smith - Family Trees

John Cochrane - Born about 1800
in Edinburgh, Scotland Married Anne Grant at Edinburgh about 1825

Had six Children

Archibald - 1829 - 1892 (Grandfather)
Margaret
Mary
Barbara
Alexander
Isabel

Archibald - married Margaret Cunningham (Grandmother 1828 - 1915)

They had seven children

Margaret 1853 - 1916, born Edinburgh, Scotland
John 1st - 1855 - 1858 - died in Infancy
Anne - 1858 - 1936 Born Edinburgh, Scotland
John 2nd - 1861 - 1861 - 1915 " " "
David 1st - 1865 - 1865 Died in Infancy
Archibald - 1867 - 1870 Died in Infancy
David 2nd - 1867 - 1932 - Born Edinburgh, Scotland

Margaret - John 1st - - Anne - David 1st - David 2nd - - John 2nd - - Archibald

married
Adam Duncan
Cleveland, O 1882
Lived 2 years at
Houghton, Mich.
Born at Edinburgh
Scotland 1853
Moved to Akron, O
in 1884. Children
were Alexander,
Archibald, Grace,
Ruth, David &
Gertrude (deceased
in infancy)

married
George W. Smith
Cleveland, O-1880
Moved to Akron, O 1882
Had 3 children, born
at Akron, O. George
Smith, died 1892.
Family then moved
to Cleveland, O
Children were
Margaret 1884-1946
Emily - 1886
Anne - 1890
2nd marriage to
Robert Burrell 1904
No children

married
Agnes Clark
Children were
Roy(deceased)
Ruth
Russell
David was very
young, ~~when~~ the
family came to
Cleveland, O
He was asso-
ciated with his
brother in the
Nickel & Brass
business

married
Gertrude Gates
No children
2nd marriage to
Anna Medlen
Children were
Archibald John
John Archibald
John Sr. was in the
Nickel-Plating and
Brass business all
of his life
He was only 10 yrs
old when his family
came to Cleveland

MRS MARGARET COCHRANE DUNCAN FAMILY

Alexander	Archibald.	Grace	Ruth	David	Gertrude
George	Adam die 1962	Sarah	Mary die 1943	John 1965	born and died 1890
Born	born	born	born	born	
Houghton, Mich.	Houghton, Mich.	Akron, O	Akron, O	Akron, O	
Jan. 29, 1883	June 29, 1884	Apr. 7, 1886	Nov. 9, 1896	May 1, 1888	
married	married	single	married	married	die 1982
Hazel Ormsby	Martha Hanson	child 1964	Don Pfeiffer	Elisa Bridwell	born 1946
Children	Children		children	Children	
Alex, Jr	Robert W-1919	die 1940	Margaret Jean	Mary Eleanor	
Sally	Arch.A.Jr.-1920	and Jan 21 2000			

Extension - Alex. Jr. married Ruth Ann Thatcher, Robert W. married Betty Richt.

Have one daughter Susan. Arch. A. Jr. married Jean Peters. Have
two daughters, Carole and Nancy. Mary Eleanor married Robert Jacobs

COCHRANE FAMILY TREE

John Cochrane had an Aunt, Jemima Johnson, who emigrated to America. She lived in Brooklyn, New York. She had two children. In 1873, the period of the bad panic John's son, Archibald, returned to Scotland, to work, and save money, to meet the payments on his home. He left Anne, with the Johnsons, while his daughter Margaret or Mrs. Adam Duncan, got a position as a nursery governess with the wealthy New York Brooks Family. She later went with them to Santiago Cuba, where they had a large sugar mill.

Archibald Cochrane was born at Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1829, and died at Cleveland, Ohio in 1892. He is buried in Woodland cemetery. He was a marble cutter by trade. He married Margaret Cunningham, about 1852, in Edinburgh, in a Close, or Court on the Royal Mile. They moved to Glasgow a few years after marriage. The former Peter McLaren, of Marietta, Ohio, was his best man, at his wedding. The Cochrane's moved to London, England, about 1870, but only stayed about six months. They came to America in 1871, to Cleveland, Ohio. They stayed with Jack Martin, a relative of Archibald's, corner Brownell and Woodland Ave., until they got settled. He also worked for him, for a while. They bought a home, in the dense woods, on Lincoln Ave., or 83rd St., where they lived many years. In 1880, Archibald went to Chicago. While there, his home in Cleveland caught fire and was badly burned. Archibald Cochrane's only relatives, now known, are the McLaren's. Peter, now deceased, was a cousin. He has only two daughters, now living, Blanch and Flora. They are now well up in years. The Martin family have left Cleveland. One of the children is living in Washington. Jack Martin had six children. One son William married Ada George, a widow, who was the mother of Clayton George, a widow, who was the mother of Clayton George, the deceased husband of (cousin) Annabelle Smith George. John Martin had a brother, Archibald. The Martins were distant cousins of Archibald Cochrane.

Grandfather Archie Cochrane, was an orphan, his parents both died, when he was very young. He, and the rest of the family were raised by their grandmother.

Margaret Cochrane, sister of Archibald, went to Australia, and there married a dry-goods man, named Gillmore. They became very wealthy. Their daughter returned to Scotland, and married a nobleman. A sister Mary, was a cripple, she stayed in Scotland. One sister Barbara, went to Ireland, and married a poor Irish Catholic, against the wishes of the family. The other sister Isabel, went to Australia, with Margaret. While on the boat she met an Englishman, and married him. She found out afterwards, he was already married. Brother Alexander never married.

Margaret Cunningham Cochrane, wife of Archie Cochrane, outlived her husband many years. Her daughter Anne and three children, Margaret, Emily and Anne, came to live with her, after the death of Anne's husband.

Emily Smith married Will Sibbison. They had two children, Ruth Ann (1909-1924) (deceased) and Marion Manna, born 1912. Marion and husband Rob have no children. Anne Grant Smith - married Clayton George. Their children were Robert William, born 1914 and Clayton David, Jr. 1920. Both are married. Margaret Smith died Nov. 22, 1946.

Archibald Cochrane married Gladys Winchester. They have two children, Mary Barbara and John Archibald. John Cochrane married Hazel Gintner, now deceased. He has two children. He has recently married again.

Ruth Cochrane, born 1896, daughter of David and Agnes Cochrane is unmarried. Russell Cochrane married Lucy Donald.

Compiled by Arch. A. Duncan Sr. Akron O. Nov. 1949

ALEXANDER HARDIE FAMILY - (Seven Children)

	David	Robert	William	Margaret	Nettie	Harry	Elizabeth
married		and wife	Married	married	unmarried	married	<u>deceased</u>
Margaret		Lillie	Nita	Robert		Margaret	
<u>Leith</u>			McBride	<u>Lunn</u>		Brosnan	
Have two children		<u>Have 3 sons</u>		Children are		a widow with	
		James		Jean		one son, Donald	
<u>Alex & Jessie</u>		Robert		Mora —			
Jessie Hardy		<u>Cameron</u>		James		other children are	
married		James Hardie		Robert Lunn		Nettie	
<u>Arthur Koenig</u>		is married		is deceased		Alice	
<u>no children</u>		<u>Have 2 children</u>					
Live at Ridge- wood, New <u>Jersey</u>		Cameron					
Alex Hardie & wife Dorothy							
have one son							
Bruce David —							
resides at							
Langhorne, Pa.							

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND COUSIN ROBERT SCOTT
and their relationship to the Hardie Family

Sir Walter Scott 1771 - 1832

Robert Scott a Farmer

First Cousins

Robert Scott - the Farmer
had three Grand-daughters

Margaret Scott
or (Aunty Scott)

Mary Scott

Mrs Scott Liddall

married
William Hardie
Brother to James Hardie
Husband of Margaret Cunningham
Mother Mrs. Archie Cochrane of Cleveland, O

residence
near Lauder-Scotland
Son - Robert was an Author and Lecturer
A good friend of Czar of Russia